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of a commerce between gods and men, living happily by labor, and endowed with a prodigious adaptation for material works. What there was in them of divine origin for a long time prevented their happiness, wholly mundane, from degenerating into nullity; then, the divine element growing weaker and weaker, they fell beneath the condition of men, and sunk into one of depravity. Jupiter sent earthquakes and inundations upon this small and insignificant world, and nothing was left of it but a sea of mud wherein the last traces of its frivolous activity were buried. How many people of our days are there whose ideal extends not beyond the happiness of the Atlantines—an insipid and vulgar state of happiness, an age of lead or of pewter—who would make the age of iron regretted, when, all moral beauty having disappeared, nothing remained to fill up life but pleasure! Pleasure, that is saying too much! Pleasure presupposes activity, interest; the most serious and austere ages were gayest than our own. That which might survive would be folly, content with itself, expanding itself at its ease in the sun, and following without regret the funeral train of genius.

We need not, therefore, be astonished if our industrial jubilee has inspired nothing or produced nothing in the order of mind. A dazzling spectacle for the eye, an instructive study for the practical and narrow man, it says but little to the thought. Where, in all this, is there visible a sentiment of the superior destinies of humanity? It would be unjust to demand of the Crystal Palace what it could not give, and no one of the foregoing observations contains the least reflection against the idea in itself or against the manner in which it has been executed. I have merely desired to show, by one of the most striking examples of our century, how events, that once stimulated the imagination of men, have lost their inspiration in our days; how the poetic sources of the present are dried up; how, finally, poetry is of the past, inasmuch that the true poets of our time are the critic and historian, who go to seek it there.

Far from us those lamentations of wounded spirits, who bound by their sympathies to an epoch or to a form of the past, persist, by a sort of war against opinion, in styling that perversion which others call progress. Of what service would history be to us, if she did not teach us to award praise or blame with great precaution to the revolutions which occur, and the full results of which are not yet manifested? Besides, blame would here be as much misplaced as enthusiasm. Our century tends neither to good nor to evil; it tends toward mediocrity. In everything in our day it is the mediocre which succeeds. It may not be denied that the general application of minds to common pursuits, and as such sufficiently harmless, has driven much evil out of the world. But the great sides of human development, have they profited by it? The throng which crowds itself under these crystal vaults, is it more intelligent, more moral, more truly religious than it was two hundred years ago? It may be doubted. It does not appear that many

persons have gone from the exhibition of the Crystal Palace better than when they entered it; it must even be added that the purpose of the exhibitors would not have been fully attained if all its visitors had been wise enough to exclaim, on leaving, "How many things that I can well dispense with!"

### GOETHE AND FAUST.

[From Gervinus's *Gesch. des deuts. Dichtung*: vol. v. p. 95.]

Translated for THE CRAYON by REV. C. T. BROOKS.

(Concluded.)

WITH Goethe's "Faust" we feel, more than in any other of his works, the prominence of that characteristic of German poetry, that it is absolutely not to be measured by the æsthetic standard, that it seeks uniformly a direct way into the soul, and strives to force itself immediately into the world of thoughts, and to influence the view of life. Poetry will always do this, where, less concerned about formal merit, it takes the greater pains about the living interest of the subject-matter. Our romantic poetry could no longer produce the immediate effects which Schiller had wrought, and even his poetry, in the bloom of his powers, abandoned in a great degree the vehement emotions which he and Goethe had called forth, when they made their first appearance, at the period when poetry coincided in the highest degree with life. It is on the height of this period, as we said, that our poem of "Faust" plants itself, and if anywhere the poet, who uniformly recorded his own existence in his works, was one with his poem, it must certainly have been here. If, therefore, anywhere his relation to the nation's state of culture is to be expressed, it cannot be in a better place than just this. If we recur to the object already expressed, which was then our problem, namely, to free ourselves from the obsolete, grey and hoary relations of the middle ages, on the spiritual track, as France did on the practical, we readily recognize the significance which the summons of the new spirit had in the nation, the animating of the youthful organs, which soon showed themselves ready and able to nourish and strengthen themselves again, particularly with all that was youthful in the world; to draw and assimilate to themselves the poetry and the life of ripening nations and a ripening humanity—to let fall, for the sake of these, the withering twigs of science and the dry leaves of theory. What Goethe was to both sides, how he first sated himself with inherited learning, then took to Art and its contemplation, and to the life of the senses and of fancy, then checked the excess of this tendency, by living into the methodical spirit of antiquity, this we have traced in the detail of the actual, and can now so much the more easily sketch the abstract image, not of the poet, but of the man, in order to recognize in him, not what the æsthetic, but what the general significance of the man and of the time, which he essentially represented, might be for our universal, human education. And here we shall find ourselves continually led back, when we consider the ensemble of his view of life, to the points of view which we found

suggested by "Faust." The poet, when he was tormented by the first quarrels with himself in Leipsic, when Herder, in Strasbourg, drew the bandage from his eyes, perceived himself painfully caught in the nation's sphere of culture and its poetry, which betrayed throughout the despotism of the mind over the sensuous nature of man, and he was, therefore, among the first who fought against this tyranny and threw themselves into the arms of healthy nature. From this time forward the impression remained ineffaceable which he took up against the willfulness, the waywardness, the obstinacy to which human freedom, self-determination, spirit, so easily degenerates; and he adhered to instinct, to the impulse of nature, to the influence of circumstances, as closely as is possible in a world where we are met with reflections at our entrance into the very first school. It seemed to him to his latest age a disease, where one wished to watch the mind in its own operations; he praised himself for his good sense, in never having thought *about* thinking, never having thought *in order* to think: this was to him a waste of mind, a consequence of ennui and dull company. The Spanish boots of logic, the grey figure of metaphysics, all that did not attach to the green tree of life, was repulsive to him, and he often and cordially confessed that he found in himself absolutely no turn for philosophy proper. Zealously as he exhorted to the knowledge of man, he still warned against *self-knowledge*; he found that the know-thyself contained in itself a contradiction; whoever looked into his own breast was, in his opinion, as disordered as one who watched his own brain; and as the experiment of his autobiography might, nevertheless, well prove to him that this study is not necessarily self-contradictory nor hypochondriacal, he still maintained in his open, serene spirit, that, at least, it needed no psychological self-torment, to form an estimate of oneself, how one stood with regard to oneself and the world. He cursed all who out of error made a world of its own, and perversely plagued themselves with speculations; well knowing how opinions are ever changing with ever-young life, he laughed at the schools, which appeared to him like individuals who should talk with themselves a hundred years, and be extraordinarily pleased with themselves in their old existence; from his simple and sound soul he mocked at those who love to seek anything special in life, whom the simple quality of truth does not satisfy. He wisely reminded such, that they had enough to do, practically to apply the truth to their use, for he knew well that they who "ruminate" over sublime systems are the very ones who are most awkward in finding the transition to life, and that there is where the most make blunders, when they have to transform their convictions into act and effect. How would he turn away from the school which has fastened itself upon his heels, which keeps on spinning precisely the thread of his quietistic contemplations in his old age, and is deaf to his summons to life and work into which he expressed the innermost conviction of his ripe, unweakened soul! For this was the beginning and end of his

teaching and his example, that he kept repeating his *vivere memento*, looked upon the cultivation of all the faculties as the most exalted occupation, called on men to live, not to talk, exhorted them to bestir themselves diligently, to strive manfully, to be always exploring, never to leave off, to hold fast to the old, gladly to embrace the new. "In the beginning was the *deed*," this was the philosophy of the man, for whom doing never lost its interest, though what was done often did. In truth, this singular experiment in translation is closely connected with the poet's innermost view of the world. From the time that he resigned himself to the Holy Spirit of the five senses, intuition and experience were to him the source of all wisdom; because he was not able to sunder the inner and the outer, sense and spirit, from that time nature was his Gospel; he read in her "not understood, but not unintelligible book," and the longer he lived the less would he own that his dictum in "Faust," that no created spirit can penetrate the interior of nature, contained truth. Looking round him he saw in the world only operations; the enormous material powers that were working, whose objects are only motion and life, whose omnipotence would be complete, were not the power of creation and annihilation denied them. But these Cimmerian ending-points troubled not the life-enjoying poet for all that; the forces of nature had omnipotence enough for him; he inquired not after the whence and whither: the children of nature have only to run, said he, the mother knows the path. The God whom others seek beyond those terminal points he needed not, nature and the soul of the world were to him God; the Infinite was with him the Finite in all directions. What sort of a God is that, he said, whom the Professor makes personal, because *he* is a person? A God who impels only from without, and lets the universe run round on his finger? Him 't becomes to move the world and nature from within, to hold himself in them and them in himself, so that all shall live and move in him and never miss his energy and spirit; all that is manifold shall flow forth from him, the eternally One, and find its way back to him again. Only the manifold shaping of nature revealed to him his God, and out of it he would dare to form this God for himself, if only the needy human eye embraced the infinitude of things: as he succeeded, from the wealth of the vegetable world, in designing the archetypal plant, so has he a presentiment of its being possible for higher spirits, out of all creation to form a first-creative cause, but which, of course, would only be a first-created one. Now the God who pervades nature, pervades us also; how, otherwise, should we recognize the Divinity? As every one, according to Goethe's view, has done in all times, namely, made to himself a God, so also did he. In the creative genius he recognized the analogon of the Godhead; in ourselves we carry a universe, and the vocation of our faculties is now, to wrestle with the very spirit of the worlds, to make creation over again; for nothing can rest, all must bestir and transform itself. In motion, then, in working and doing, lies the aim of life

itself, for the eternal consists only in motion; only in change is permanence; the individual must decay, if it will continue in being, only the kind lives on, in which the individual must vanish; to find himself in the limitless, the individual would gladly give himself up.\* Such a disposition, which finds the source of its joys only here below, attaches itself even here to the universal, yearns ever after the whole, and gladly resigns itself, and hence proceeds the ready abnegation of a definite form in Goethe, of a fixed direction, a steady aim, a free choice; hence the fine streaming of elementary influences that went out from him, even with the great offence that his personality gave as a whole. Whoever thus surrenders the broad side of his nature to all outer influences, and by virtue of his natural constitution is forced to do this, from him again nature and circumstances, in their widest range, react, and as he himself is only an involuntary reflection of things around him, so does he again fall into place among the imaged objects as a homogeneous object himself. Such a one, who feels himself, in good and evil, so harmonized with the world, must fall, at last, into a system of optimism. He must hold himself and things as they are, for the best; and he must accommodate himself to the world, that it may to him, that he may not grow obsolete in relation to it; he will hold it the object of wisdom, to know the world without despising it; he will avoid all collision, because in his eyes every opinion and every form of human culture is to be respected as an effluence of an originally working nature; he will compose himself in the contemplation of things and keep aloof from all criticism, as well as from searching after its beginning and end; he will regard all, as if it were a matter of course, and so "his first law will be to avoid questions;"† and he will live and let live just as if everything came about of itself, in the right way, and will not care to utter or to hear strictures. What is without him will seem incalculable, so soon as the passionate blood of youth has quieted itself within him; and himself he will pronounce inexplicable; he will leave everything as well as himself to vegetative life. He lets himself be carried about by nature in this temporal state, as she has brought him into it; "he commits himself to her entirely; she may dispose of him; she will not hate her work; he never speaks of her, but whatever he has said, true or false, *she has spoken all*, all is *her* fault, all is *her* merit." Hence he was in such good

spirits, so serene and clear: if he had committed a fault, he said, *it could not be one!*

This natural life Goethe carried out in himself to a remarkable perfection. We have seen him from youth up far from those great human relations in which we learn to regard the aggressive and combative movement, not the peaceful and regular only, as the end and training of life. A tendency to solitude and observation of nature was inherited by him from his mother at the same time with that quite Italian disposition which seeks to keep every unpleasant impression far and foreign from itself. Destiny complacently met half-way this nature of his, and kept off from him all outward collisions and great disappointments, and nothing happened to vex him, except through his own inner life, through passion and effort, and even these torments he knew how to transform into enjoyment. These peculiarities withdrew him, in time, more and more from men, the active side of man became more and more indifferent to him; the word of *man* was to him in his youth the word of God, now the word of *Art* and *nature* took that place. Art stands outside of life, and does not often or willingly coincide with it; nature, in its still, clear, regularly recurring vegetation, lies soothingly and consolingly around us as a contrast to the moral life of man, which, full of recklessness and haste, sweeps on unsatisfied and amidst constant exertion and tribulation. To both Goethe attached himself with a heartiness and *abandon* not to be remarked in his other spheres of action; there only he seemed in undisturbed fortune, where he lived, blissfully and contemplatively, in Art, where he observed the still and vast works and ways of nature, without coming in contact with men. But with them also he lived, the longer the more peacefully, because he learned to reconcile himself to every point of view, as indeed there is seldom any one without a basis of truth. Yes, at last, when he gave himself up to gnomical and didactic sententious poesy, he uttered innumerable propositions which bore on the face of them a self-contradiction, and which are true only under definite modifications of given relations, under which they may have arisen: a school of genuine universal philosophy for him who brings with him this movable property, a bewildering chaos as well for the disciple who sets out to learn it there and possesses nothing but the movableness, as also for the formed, obstinate, immovable man of office and vocation, who brings only his possession with him. The man who has no self-subsistence will be driven about here by the wind; the corporator will pick out his corporate sayings; and the disciple of reason only, whom the poet wishes for a friend, "the pearl among the sand," will understand the wondrous game which many-sided nature plays with her darling; and at the rest he will smile to see the multitude play with the poet, and the poet with the multitude. He, whose finely sensitive organization was dependent on every mood, every whim, occupation, and even change of weather, and who, in all these conditions, "put the whole of his fit of life on paper," held up his innermost

\* In the Second Part of "Faust" the atomic spinings-out of this system are presented with the delicacy and parabolist with which alone one can put forth such dreams. The mothers seen there to be allegorized, if not figured, as the original efficient forces, from which elements and creatures proceed, and to which they return. Thence also can Helen return in flesh and blood, for merit, and fidelity which devotedly follows merit, preserve the personality and the name: the rest is given back to the elements, etc.

† This is the conclusion of the poem, "The Philosophers and the People," iii. 114, which touches the mysterious points of Goethe's philosophy in a singular form, which again is indicative of the poet's system, to hate all systems, to avoid all positive answers, and, as above said, to evade all positive questions.

being before the universe with the impartiality of an ancient, and as his spirit struggled with no sort of obstinacy or envy against any kind of truth or wisdom, so now in the poet's life, sentences, and larger writings, do views taken from the most contradictory points lie hard beside each other. Now he exercises upon religion a profaning wit, then it lays hold on him sacredly with the unimpaired strength of youthful remembrance; now he is angry with the pope, who kneads the dough into a God, then he expresses gratification at his worldly-wise play with the weakness of men; now he speaks of the worth of man in a tone of the highest admiration, then he calls him a miserable scamp, as if he were a dog. At one time he can write upon the history of the "Holy Thing," and then traduce it in conversation, as if he had not the least conception of it. To-day, if some one seeks a harmonizing idea in his poems, he answers with a "none that I know of!" if, on the contrary, any one (as Luden did) charged him with the absence of such, then he maintained stoutly that the poet is certainly guided by an idea which is the law and pivot of the poem. Now he derides the barbarism of modern Art, anon he raises Byron and Walter Scott to the skies; at one time he confesses himself indebted to one and all, and then he asserts that Europe has contributed nothing to his poetry. He teaches to follow the mind of the master, to draw profit from his errors; he himself held so to Lessing and Herder, and yet he boasts no less truly to lean upon himself alone, and never to have consulted anybody; who-so names himself of no school, him he calls a *fool at first hand*, and whoso confesses himself of a certain school, he again is in his eyes a fool at second hand. He preaches occasionally against the know-thyself with the greatest vehemence, then again he says, self-knowledge is the highest man can attain to, because therefrom he for the first time sees through the dispositions of others. In the beginning he taught his doctrine of evil and good with so much emphasis, and finally exhorted at least to do right in order that the bad might be serviceable, and promises no permanence to the irrational; I have been bold, he sings, but the gods know that I am also good and true. Thus, then, one can see plainly that a many-shaped public opinion had much to do with this Protean nature. Thousands would survey his image from as many different sides; we could ourselves turn it over, and set it in another and yet another light, and yet would he, through all this change, remain the same, as in his poetical metamorphoses he is always the same poet, in his life's abrupt transitions the self same man; "cut himself up as he will, he is still always but one." This was different with Lessing, who was no less near and true to many-minded nature than Goethe. All contrasts of human life, real and ideal, nature and spirit, ancient and modern tendencies, lay in Lessing ever melted together; Goethe played all, as so many parts, by turns. In both, contradictions and paradoxes flowed from the same source; men who reposed so securely on their nature and on the truth, could venture these hazardous attempts. But Less-

ing always discerned with dialectic acuteness the relation of these paradoxes to the truth, before he uttered them; Goethe sought it *while* he uttered them; those of Lessing always went outward upon definite outward occasions; Goethe, who would gladly have lived simply without minute philosophizing, and yet lived in a neighborhood in which speculation spurred him on every moment, without ever putting him in cheerful tune, carried into the two-sidedness of his utterances something capricious and freakish at the same time, which quite as often makes us uncomfortable with them, as the clear and palpable; the settled and sound character of his practical wisdom in other places affects us most agreeably. When Lessing had reached the highest point of his development, he reposed upon himself firmly, but with Goethe new periods succeeded; in him the culmination of his nature was, as he profoundly expressed it with regard to all fair nature, only a moment: the time in Italy.

Endowed with astonishing receptivity of organization, blessed by a stirring age with good, wholesome, rich impulses from without, Goethe is an inexhaustible spring of clean representations, sound notions and exemplary rules of life, and these have through thousand openings penetrated into the circle of the nation's ideas. He has laid out for us the ground plan of all genuine human culture on the slippery soil of our modern relations in that breadth and depth, on which we can build safely, can build up the stateliest and soundest structure; he has sketched us also manifold designs for the palace of the national culture, prepared for our use the graceful adornments, taught us to apply surrounding nature and the decoration of the arts. Not he, however, who declared himself unfit for anything that demanded handiwork, has carried out the bold structure, which transcends, to be sure, the endurance and energy of an individual; and whoso finds satisfaction in the foundation and the free air and animating plan, may one day, amidst the irruption of the storms of life, learn to his sorrow, like Goethe himself, that our existence is not defended by the roof of the friendly heaven. We cannot ask the organizing powers of nature, whether it was possible that Goethe should have become the pure image of the normal man, if he had made a different use of his enviable gifts; we cannot ask whether he could have used them differently; we cannot ask this, but we all give ourselves, each according to his complexion of thought, a ready answer. Goethe himself has already given us his; the optimists and his indiscriminate adherents, who must swear to every word of the master, naturally defend him against every censure, and like Jacobi, regard his doings and his omissions as under the inevitable control of the demon. This cannot check the stricture and the answer of the other side; for if one were disposed and able to apply universally this heartless mode of judgment, one would deny all rank and worth in men and things, resolve oneself into a bloodless spectre, and strike every movement from life. Even if one will look on man just as upon the plant in the hands of nature, still this hinders not our criticising,

training, and, if it vexes us, rooting up even the defective and faulty tree. But this very analogy shows that man has freedom and choice, for only the tree leaves the tree in peace. Whoso, therefore, sees the spirit of man rule over nature and honors his self-determination as the distinguishing gift of his race, will readily reproach Goethe with not having *used* this gift, which he cannot and will not presume him not to have *possessed*, and with having thereby rather touched in leaps the normal race-ground of human development, than triumphantly run through it in the legitimate course of the world. We, on our part, ask not whether Goethe could have had this typical training and development which deserves so well to be the model and example that many make it, but whether he actually had it. We must, then, repeat that he knew, as did no other, what is required in life and spiritual culture, that he fulfilled the first conditions as only a chosen instrument of nature could. As often as Goethe contemplates Grecian antiquity, as often as he earnestly expresses the worth of Art, as often as he runs down the poverty of our guild-spirit in all directions, and thousands of times when the question turns upon our greatest interests, he shows us the loftiest heights of culture in the serene feeling of domesticity. Every moment to be vigorously scaling them, to keep the spirit always in arms, to be always bringing it out and busying it in outwardly directed action, as with Schiller was all too much the habit, was against his fundamental principle, and furthermore against his custom. In fact, this oppositional principle carried out by such a genius in such steady consistency, was of the wholesomest consequences for our spiritual history. Into the midst of our grammarians with entrails of brass, our litterateurs who pursue their mechanical knowledge only for its own sake, our literary hacks who have no idea what it means to assimilate learning and experience to one's inner being to link it with the outer life, into the midst of these came through our poetry a presentiment, at least, that there is also a life beyond the atmosphere of the school, and the poetry which directly or indirectly inaugurated this influence, was Goethe's alone. However much may still remain with us of the old professional tyranny of learning, nevertheless, *we* can now break down the intellectual mechanism and despotism which would bind the wings of the freer faculties, if only we will not disown the achieved positions, on which no one has so emphatically and persistently planted us as Goethe. How suddenly did there spring up around the septuagenarian another race of literati, who taught us at one stroke a wholly new, animating science! How suddenly did the mere diligence of compilation vanish before the works in which fantasy, genius, and the entire nature of the author took part! It has become possible for us, through Goethe, to lay again the substratum of a natural way of feeling, thinking and living, under the spiritual efforts which through all the middle ages were deprived of it; the work of genuine culture is thereby warranted to us, at which we had hitherto forever toiled in vain; nature and simplicity of spirit,

ease and unconstrainedness of spiritual existence have been restored to us, which we had lost for centuries. What wonder that the country looks gratefully toward the hero who has the merit of this achievement, who, secure and happy in this possession, has left it to us as an inheritance, which we may enjoy just as securely, of which we can without trouble avail ourselves, and which we, in fact, *must use*, if we would not idly waste it, and so entirely counteract the design of the man who was always summoning to action, who has so often called on the youthful generation to turn away from what has been and is done to new deeds. The Herculean wrestler, who has cleared us the ground for clean culture, may be forgiven, if he at last wears the chains of languid repose; not so *we*, who have to bestir ourselves for this culture. Goethe has taught us intuition, susceptibility, interest, the whole circumference of receptive nature; the work of a free, spiritual building out on this acquired ground must follow. And here, in the history of our culture, Schiller comes in to complete the work; he wants everything, one may say in general, which Goethe possessed, and he possessed everything which Goethe wanted. He wronged nature, according to Goethe's own judgment, in favor of spiritual freedom; and Schiller would with equal justice have said, that Goethe had, in favor of nature, buried the talent of freedom. Whoever, therefore, chooses exclusively between these poets and their life-aims, will rashly divide himself between two professions which not one alone could conquer, but which, now that they are conquered, one alone may indeed possess. Lessing had already possessed them *before* either, but, as it were, without that *enamel* of fine nature, which not till after them purified poetry made possible. We can admire in Goethe this fine nature, we can envy the capabilities of the man, revere the pathfinding genius, we may marvel at him as an extraordinary masterpiece of his mother nature; but for all that, let the potent spirit, the energetic character, which follows up the indicated path with unresting activity, and which sets the limits to its power of culture by its own free self-determination, hold at all events an equal worth in our estimate, even if there always lay on that side good fortune and on this a tragic fate. But if, now, if it is proper to compare and contrast the shapings of the two poets in a large survey, as nature and culture, then this implies that neither of the two can be called complete and normal. And if we consider their successive development, that of the later poet we should be apt to regard as more regular than that of the earlier. If, according to Goethe's great principle, the complete man is to be known by the education of all the human faculties, it seems necessary that one who makes that his aim, should move round in the worlds of possibility, actuality and necessity, which exhaust our relation to things, which are comprised in the departments of Art, History and Philosophy, and which, as Lessing, in a lost hint has already suggested, lie in natural succession opposite our spirits, as it trains itself up from enthusiastic youth to active manhood and the cou-

templative tranquillity of age. To *one* of these disciplines the spiritual aspirant will, by the conditions of the national culture, be always spell-bound ; the all-important thing is, that, so far as depends on his individual industry, he seeks to master the others for the benefit of this. This Schiller seems rightly to have divined, when he pursued history and philosophy and made them available to his poetry ; Goethe adhered to Art with that decision which appears in the memorable sentence he addressed to Lavater : " Results and abstractions I fancy not, history and individualities I will none of ! " And in fact he wrecked on both. His principle of activity faded when such an enormous phenomenon of history as he lived to see pointed him so immediately to what was properly the active world ! He would fain accommodate himself to everything, hold every side of man in honor, and turned his back upon his working faculties, of which he had always been the eulogist. He knew well enough that between the time of ideals and that of fulfillment and fruition, the restless time of effort intervenes ; his own view of the world involved the conviction that more than on all else depended on this immediate ground, this movement and activity of nature, that it was their end and aim ; but it overpowered him, when after a youth of passionate striving, it confronted him so colossally and threatened so imposingly to lay claim once more to his whole energy ; besides he had never acquainted himself with humanity, but only with man. So he turned his back upon the great spectacle of the Present, as well as upon the science of the Past, which offered such rich food to the manly spirit. As he overleaped the middle point of the history of his time, which seemed to be the first real result that offered itself for all the exertions he himself had made, so did he also overleap, as it were, the middle point of human life, which alone can fulfill what its prime promises ; he passed at once from youth to age,\* or at least held fast youth with Art through his long life. His goddess was ever Jupiter's darling child, the youth of the spirit, fantasy, and he would not have " the tender little soul hurt by the old step-mother Wisdom," nor by the surly governess Reality. What this says poetically, Goethe also said in the plainest prose in conversation. We are Sensualists, so he distinguished the epochs, while we are children, Idealists, when we love ; love fades, we doubt and become skeptics ; *the rest of life is indifferent, we let it go as it will, and end with quietism*. If so, then, to be sure, Goethe's life were a prototype of all life ! Then, forsooth, all that

\* It were quite practicable to show by a series of his gnomic sentences, how he never knows anything between the extremes of youth and age, which periods he strikingly characterizes from his experience. Once only does he delineate the complete course of human life, and even hint its normality, though not with the signs that we should choose :

As boy, reserved and defiant,  
As youth, bold and self-reliant,  
As man, for action ready,  
As old man, freakish and giddy ;  
On thy grave stone one may read :  
That was a man's life indeed.

time of fruit and harvest were nothing, in which we put off and set aside ideality and skepticism by wise working, or reconcile or equalize them on a higher plane by the pure reason—the part of life for which humanity seems solely to live ! Then were " Faust " certainly a type of man, and the continuation of the work were of as little consequence as the continuation of human life !

## THE COUNTESS OF FLANDERS.

A TALE OF THE DRESDEN GALLERY.

(Translated for THE CRAYON from the German of STIEHNBERG.)

### I.

UPON the road that leads from the village of Leydersdorp to Leyden and along the forest of Konkerk, there appeared one morning, ascending the hill, the slender figure of a lad, who bore upon his shoulders a knapsack. He was the son of a miller. The mill which he had just left behind him arose in the distance, and seemed to stretch out its clumsy arms in the fresh morning breeze, as if to entreat the lad to return to that paternal roof which he had just left against the will and commands of his parents. The young man did not look back : perhaps he was afraid that all was not right behind him ; he fancied that the steeple of the village, in league with the mill, might be making signs of reproach to him, and that the bushes by the roadside were whispering of the treason of the child against his parents. The truth is, however, this treason was not of a very bad nature. The son had often expressed a desire to visit other places and countries, but could never obtain permission from the father. The paternal objections, however, were becoming weaker and weaker as the son's entreaties were more strongly urged ; it was undutiful and by no means excusable to have gone without taking leave ; in this respect the steeple, the mill and the bushes were certainly right.

At the top of the hill and near to the spot where two roads intersected each other, the young man threw himself down in the grass, and, resting his head on his arm, admired the beautiful landscape that was spread out before him. On the right appeared the queer form of the lofty and slender spire of Konkerk rising into the sky, and upon the left ran the glittering waters of the Rhine, that were here divided into several narrow channels. While thus dreaming and musing, the young man perceived a lady on horseback, accompanied by a servant, likewise mounted, emerging from the valley below ; she rode forward to the cross roads, and protecting her eyes with her hand from the rays of the rising sun, gazed intently down the road, evidently in expectation of somebody's approach. And, indeed, a horseman with floating cloak and waving plumes dashed forth from behind a clump of trees, and so hastily and ardently did he ride that his countenance fairly glowed like fire. This fine youth appeared like the beautiful morning issuing forth from amidst the lingering clouds of night, to bring warmth and light to the longing earth. But the